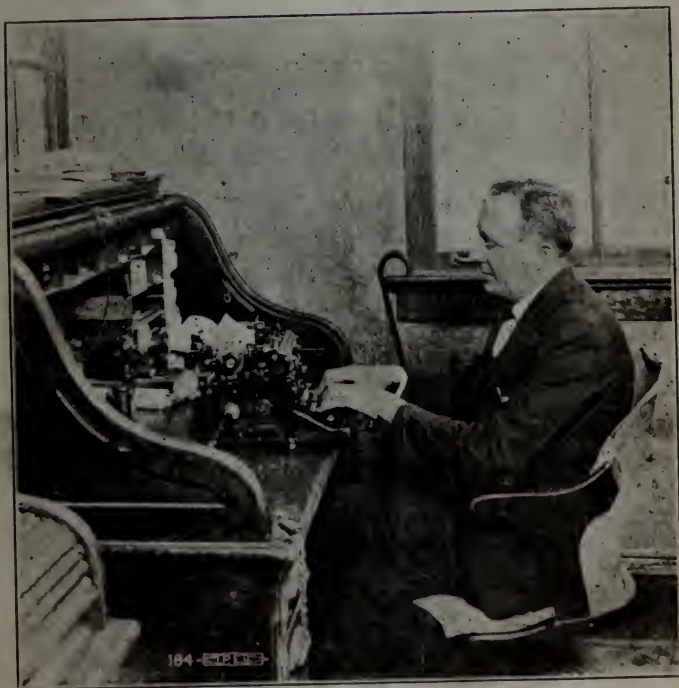


A Blind Man's
Experiences and Adventures
IN
Crossing the Country 3000 Miles
On a Bicycle



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FORENOTE

With no claim upon any literary merit I have recounted some of the main incidents of our two trips across the country on a wheel. It is just a simple story, told by a simple man, in simple words, of a simple thing, done in a simple way.

Simply,

JACK LOCKETT.

A MEMORY TO OLD FIFTY-THREE

Dedicated to Painters Local Union No. 53
of Dallas, Texas

To the many old friends in old Fifty-Three
May good luck be yours—and prosperity—
You've stuck by me when the future looked blue —
You've ministered unto me with a friendship true.
When life's present looked useless and the future looked
black,
In your brotherly love you've remembered old Jack.
And you've cheered him along on a road that seemed dark,
Where misery could have been you have kindled a spark
Of life's light that will grow
And shed some radiance on others' dull glow.
With your words and your deeds you have cheered me
When misfortune seemed to have seared me
With the horrible mark of a terrible spell,
Which, but for you, would have been as dark as a miser-
able hell.
With the threads of kindness you have woven my destiny
Together with that of old Fifty-Three.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

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CAN WE BLIND SEE?

Jack Lockett

Do you think the mind of the blind is without sight?
If so, you don't know, and I'll put you right.
Not to our optics alone is vision allowed—
For nature has our bodies with many gifts endowed.
So in answer to the question so frequently propounded,
I'll say: "Yes, with the other combined senses, of course
we can see."

And I must say "No" to the query about a sixth sense;
Exercise makes the others more acute and intense.
By the touch we can describe the objects around;
And judge distance very well by the sound.
And the taste and the smell are senses we use
To decide the things our palates would choose.
Many and varied are the methods we find
To convey the sense of sight to our mind.
I've heard a very wise person make mention
That "Necessity is the mother of invention;"
And so it is that this grim necessity
Causes us to invent many different ways to see;
We can see just as our minds are alert,
And know just as much as our senses are expert.
And the picture we have in our vision is the one we have
in our mind,

And to us is left the decision whether it be ugly or kind.
Sing us a song; tell us a joke; cheer us along,
Instead of your sympathy—
For people there are who are blinder by far
Than we who cannot see.

Of course it's tough to be blind; but happiness is a state of the mind;
So I jolly along with a joke and a song
And meet with folks of all kind.
I'd rather be blind and look at things right, than to see them wrong
with perfect sight;
So it matters not whether 'tis day or night,
I can view everything in its proper light.

LITTLE PAL

There's a place in my heart for you set apart;
In which no other can enter
And no one can fill it, and time cannot chill it;
And around you my interests all center.

To me as a friend you have been a God-send,
With a comradeship enduring forever—
With no envious sting which little things bring—
And a love which no jealousy can sever.

And when I'm away there's a message I'd say,
But the right is real hard to find;
And the best I can do when writing to you,
Is "True love from a pal to a true pal of mine."

You've boosted me along, and when I was wrong
You've scolded without hurting my feeling,
And when I was ill your presence was still
Around to aid in the healing.

In searching my mind it is difficult to find
Reasons for affections so true,
Yet true, but strange, how I know it will always be so,
And my confidence will be justified in you.

The love of a wife is a sweet thing in life,
And of children and mother it's dear,
But there's a feeling for you that will always be true
And it's made up of comradeship true.

Tho' you are not my gal, you've been such a good pal,
Comrades we always shall be,
And when I stand on the brink I think I shall think
That you'll go with me through eternity.

There's a place in my heart that's for you set apart—
I can't trace its origin or end—
Unlike father to mother, or sister to brother,
Or husband to wife—it's that of a pal and a friend.

JACK LOCKETT.

A BLIND MAN'S EXPERIENCE AND ADVENTURES IN CROSSING THE COUNTRY THREE THOU- SAND MILES ON A BICYCLE

For a person totally blind to attempt to travel across the continent on a bicycle, appears to most people ridiculous; and I must say that it was pronounced as absolutely absurd by my many friends when such an undertaking was first mentioned by me. To my mind, however, it appeared not only plausible, but practical as well, and as I had no other method of transportation and was very desirous of going from Dallas, Texas, to Rochester, Minnesota, in the hopes that I might have the eyesight restored which I had lost during the fall of 1920 through the carelessness or ignorance of a local physician, the attempt seemed worth while to me. Having been two years in total darkness, I was willing to try most anything, and this peculiar mode of traveling afforded me not only means of transportation but a method of paying my expenses in the meantime.

The American public wants something out of the ordinary to appeal to their sense of ridiculous humor, and had I adopted something ordinary it would have appeared commonplace, and I doubt if the trip could have been made with the success that did attend it.

It was a very peculiar and rather funny incident that first caused me to think of such an extraordinary method of transportation, which it might not be out of order for me to repeat. "Necessity is the mother of invention," it is said (although I've never heard anyone say just who its father was) and it had certainly proved to be a fact in my case.

Since losing the use of my optical vision, it had been constantly necessary for me to invent different ways of seeing and doing things. To this I attribute the idea of crossing the country on a tandem bicycle.

During the first year of my new way of living many new ideas had sprung into my head as the necessity arose for doing things in a different way. One thing that bothered me particularly was the means of securing sufficient exercise. Having always led an active life, it was hard for

me to sit by without manual exercise, and it was just as difficult for me to find someone willing to lead me as much as I cared to walk. Walking alone is not very good exercise for a blind man, and especially one who had not become accustomed to it, as a person in this condition must necessarily keep on the alert for different noises around and feelings underfoot. This quite naturally keeps his muscles in a tense position and the consequence is that walking alone is of little value as a mode of manual exercise because the limbs cannot swing perfectly free.

Some member of my family usually met me at the end of the car line when I came home, which was about seven blocks distant. On this particular day my little boy, aged twelve, had ridden his bicycle to meet me, intending to lead it back and permit me to follow by laying my hand on the seat. I had seen boys "pump" each other on the handlebars, so it occurred to me that I could carry him the same way, provided of course he would tell me which way to turn. So I suggested this plan to him and, kid-like, he jumped at the idea. There were many pedestrians on the street, and we must have produced a funny sight to them. In fact, when I look back over it now, I think we should have charged admission. I warned the boy to be sure and tell me quickly which way to turn and to give it in short, crisp orders: "Right!" "Left!" "Fast!" "Slow!" or "Stop!" whichever the case might demand, and cautioned him particularly that if it became necessary to make a sudden stop for him to holler "Brake!"

Well, we mounted and proceeded perhaps one hundred feet, and I had already commenced congratulating myself on the success of the experiment when a telephone post failed to get out of my way, and before the boy had time to say "Right!" "Left!" "Brake!" or anything else I had told him, it had hit full center. The result may be imagined. When we had picked ourselves up, I asked the boy why he didn't tell me to turn one way or the other and he said I had not given him time to think what to say. I warned him to be more careful and quicker next time, and we dragged the wheel to the center of the street and mounted again. This time we came nearer making a success of the venture, and gained pretty good headway, but again Fate was against us. This time it was in the form

of a concrete sewer pipe which the city was preparing to lay in that section. Just when I had concluded that we were rolling down the avenue fine, this obstruction put a cruel end to our joy ride. Now bicycles are very peculiar animals anyway, and I often think that they are in some way related to the mule—just when you need them most to travel in a certain direction they seem determined to go in the opposite way. When this one hit the sewer pipe without warning it seemed to suddenly decide to jump back into the street about ten feet, and of course, as we had already made our arrangements to go ahead, we separated right there, and the consequence was that the boy and I took a high dive right over the sewer pipe and onto the sidewalk beyond, and it was fortunate for me that the kid landed first, as he formed a very good breaking point between me and the walk. I could not say, however, that this arrangement was entirely to his liking. If he had any protest, however, the fact that he had no breath left in him evidently kept him from entering it. This time he was thoughtful of his duty, and, just as we skidded over the sewer pipe and landed on the walk I heard him yell out in a shrill warning voice, “B-b-r-r-a-a-k-e!” “Brake what?” I asked, as we disentangled ourselves. “The wheel or the sidewalk or our necks?” He explained that he saw the sewer pipe coming, but at first thought we were going to miss it, and then that we seemed sure to hit it; and then again it looked as if we would miss it, and before he had time to think any more it hit us. With the exception of a few scratches, neither us nor the wheel seemed the worse off for the encounter and close examination proved that we had not damaged the property of the city. The bicycle didn’t seem to be in a proper mood that day, so we deferred action until a future day and were very well contented to walk on home.

This experiment had helped, though, and I figured that if the boy had had control of the steering gear it would have been successful. The consequence was that I commenced inquiring for an old-time tandem with two seats, and soon located one which I had put into first-class running condition, having the rear handle-bars disconnected from the steering apparatus and thus leaving the front rider in full charge of piloting the machine. This we rode

right off without difficulty, and, although for a time I still had visions of telephone posts, sewer pipes and automobiles, this feeling gradually wore away, and pretty soon the kid and I felt at home and perfectly safe on the old tandem. Then it was that the idea occurred to me to use this as a method of getting across the country to see the famous Mayo Brothers in Rochester, Minnesota, and arrangements were commenced accordingly.

It is unnecessary to explain the details of these arrangements and would only prove tiresome to the reader to mention the full details of just how the trip was accomplished, and I shall, therefore, pass along to the main points, dwelling on them just as briefly as possible, so as not to make this irksome.

Prior to leaving home, June 4th, 1922, I had secured photographic postcards of the boy and myself on the wheel with the following wording:

"Jack Lockett (the blind painter) and his thirteen-year-old son, from Dallas, Texas, to Rochester, Minnesota. Hope to SEE you on my return."

We hardly knew how to dispose of five thousand of these pictures, but just struck out blindly, depending upon circumstances to guide us, and with little idea of what the future had in store for us, but with a very faint hope that my fond dream of seeing again might be the result of our efforts.

Many people have remarked that it must have required a lot of nerve on my part to undertake such a journey, but my answer has always been that if there was any credit due it was to Chester and not to me. The main requirements for such an undertaking are patience and perseverance, and I hardly believed it possible that a mere boy could display so much of these splendid qualities as did that kid. For my part, confidence and alertness were necessary, besides resourcefulness, but for the kid it required natural nerve and courage. The day before starting, a series of blood boils had commenced bursting out on him and continued to develop mainly on that part of his anatomy which fits most naturally to the seat of a bicycle, and, besides these (which amounted to eight in all before he was done with them), he also had a large stone bruise on the instep of his right foot, which necessitated lancing.

He stood all of this like a Trojan and lanced everyone of them himself except one, which was too far around on his back for him to reach. I shall never forget the morning in Ardmore, Oklahoma, when he awoke and first mentioned the stone bruise. Feeling of it, I was surprised to find it as large as a hen's egg and tight enough to burst. When I asked him if he could lance it with a safety razor blade he answered yes without hesitation and immediately did so. I heard the corruption spurt from it as he opened it, but he never whimpered.

The first day out was perhaps the hardest, and it seemed to me the hottest I had ever experienced, as my work had been inside and my skin was tender to the sun's rays, besides having accumulated quite a little surplus flesh.

Neither was our first experience at selling our post-cards very encouraging. We had left home with about eight dollars and figured to sell enough in each town to pay our way, but for our labor here we cashed in thirty cents and spent forty for dinner. We were soon to learn that the best method was to jump as far as possible and keep our efforts bent on traveling, and then, when our funds again ran low to stop and put all of our efforts into collecting.

Before reaching Fort Worth that night the weather changed to a heavy summer rain, which cooled the temperature, but at the same time made the pavement so slick it was almost impossible to travel.

Upon going down to the Labor Temple next morning we were met with another sight not calculated to encourage us on our beginning. The Labor Temple had burned the night before. The fire, however, had only partially destroyed the building and meetings were continued in it. Here we stayed several days, treating the blood boils and waiting for the rain to stop. We were handled so nicely by our old friends, Graham and Bob Wisdom and all of the boys there that our stay was a pleasure, even though we were impatient to continue our journey. Finally deciding that it would take time for the boils to cure and, as the weather had not abated, we checked the wheel and bought a ticket to Ardmore, Oklahoma, where we were treated equally as well by all of the fine bunch of Jim Severe's

boys. I also had the pleasant surprise here of meeting with Louis Taylor, an old friend, whom I had not seen for many years. From there to Oklahoma City, where the boys, headed by faithful old Joe Frazee at that time, treated us royally. Here we stayed several days, treating the boils. We were somewhat surprised to learn that we had suddenly sprung into the limelight of publicity, occasioned by the peculiarity of our trip. This at first tickled us. Newspaper men were constantly after us to make stories and pictures, and some motion picture news service company had made reels, but later on it grew tiresome, as it was so seldom that a paper ever published the true facts given them. Soon we began learning to avoid newspapers, and succeeded fairly well until reaching Rochester.

From Sapulpa, Oklahoma, we made a detour, going around by the way of Okmulgee to see our old friend, William Bostwick, who was the original proposer of me going to Rochester. This trip, however, was useless, as it only carried us about forty miles out of our way, as our friend Bostwick having preceded us to Tulsa, where he understood he was to meet us. Nevertheless we spent a pleasant evening with the boys and were well treated by them. Next day we proceeded to Tulsa, where we met Bostwick, and the boys here seemed to try to outdo all previous efforts to show us a welcome time. So many of the boys here treated us so fine that I could not tell all of the names. The blood boils on the boy continued to develop and here we were forced to lay up and await developments. Besides the many sores on his body he also had a boil now in his left ear, and altogether was in a pretty bad shape, and many a man would have been discouraged by less. But never for an instant did the little fellow whimper. I have often marveled just how he stood it all so unflinchingly without the care of his mother.

In a week's time the last of the boils had come to a head, had been lanced and commenced healing, and we proceeded to Bartletttsville. Here we spent several hours resting and visiting with old friends, including Foster and Ott Taylor, but here again the weather broke in on our arrangements with terrible rains. Reports were that it was already raining heavily all over Kansas, and already we had discovered that it was much cheaper to ride a train

than to stay and wait for road conditions to improve. We took snap judgment, and in less than four minutes after it had entered our minds were on our way to catch a train which was due in five minutes. Checking the wheel and catching the train on the run, it soon proved that we had made a wise move, for within thirty minutes we ran into a hard rain, which continued all through Kansas. There were any number of automobiles stuck all along the road.

Arriving in Kansas City, we were forced to stay two weeks on account of the rains, which continued throughout the country. It was reported that the towns above were all flooded and to attempt the road under such circumstances would have been foolishness. The time was well spent, however, in recuperating our funds by visiting the local unions and selling the postcard pictures of ourselves, and in visiting with the many old and new friends we met there as elsewhere. Jimmie Knight, "Hobo" Smith, Jack Bradley, "Slim" Watson, Jack Morrison, Geo. Decker, Geo. Leonard, "Dusty" Rhodes, Lou Kespohl and so many other boys here showed us such a nice time that we enjoyed every minute of the time.

It also gave me time to review the experiences of the last four weeks, which, although for the most part had been pleasant, had been full of many discouraging events. The elements especially had seemed to be against us from the very beginning, as it had commenced raining on the day we started and continued almost every day during the whole time, with no present prospects of letting up. Many weary miles had been patiently plodded by us up-hill and down which I have not recounted because these details would be tiresome to the reader. Altogether the trip was pretty much similar to that of life—up-hill and down—over rough roads and then through smooth ones; in sand and then in mud—but as is also true to the journey of life, the bad-seeming spots had their usefulness in teaching us how to appreciate the good ones. The longer and harder was a hill to climb the more did we enjoy the anticipation of coasting down the other side when once the top was reached; and when we did come to an especially long one which seemed to have no top we always reminded each other that there would be a long fine coast down it on our return trip. And the more we encountered sandy or muddy

or rough roads the more did we enjoy the hard, dry, smooth ones. The worst was yet to come, but we did not dread it because we knew nothing of it, and it never entered our heads to turn back. My odd time was spent as usual in writing different verses, some of which appear in this booklet.

As we neared the North the difference in the customs attracted Chet, and I had many a smile on the way he remarked on some of them, especially in regard to the difference in the way the colored race is treated. Having been reared in a part of the country where the color line is drawn more tightly and customs as well as laws separate the races, it was difficult for him to figure out the different treatment accorded the colored people in this section. He was shocked and surprised to note that the negroes rode with the whites in trains and on street cars, and asked me why this was permitted. I tried to explain to him that the laws of this part were different to those of our own, and he wanted to know who was responsible for such laws—whether it was the Governor or the Legislators. I told him that both were responsible and he remarked with disapproving emphasis that he'd "bet that they were never elected again."

The boy's sores were healing and again we were getting anxious to hit the trail, but floods still prevented us. Luckily for me, one of the boys of Painters' Local No. 9 (Lou Kespohl by name) approached me stating that he had met me in Dallas several years before and that I had done him quite a favor by standing for his board and securing him a job when he was broke. As I was unable to see his face and could not place his name, I could never remember the circumstances he spoke of, for this happened while I was serving as business agent to Local Union No. 53, and, of course, such circumstances frequently arose.

He did remember, though, and said he was glad to get the chance to return the favor. If he was ever obligated to me he certainly did return it manyfold, for he not only entertained us while in Kansas City, but also took us in his Ford as far as Quincy, Ill., stopping for three days en route on his father's farm, which is located just a few miles below Hannibal, Mo. This time was spent in hunting, fishing, riding and a general good time by both Chet

and myself, and neither of us can ever forget this old boy or the kindness of his father, mother and brothers during our visit. From his home we also visited the boys of Hannibal and found that to be the same little sleepy river town as portrayed by the famous humorist, Mark Twain.

On this visit to the farm I also learned that I could fish equally as well as when I had the eyesight, and this was no little source of satisfaction, for my blind condition had often occurred to me as being a helpless one, so far as any outdoor sports were concerned. Just to be with the bunch, I had gone to the river one evening with them and could not resist the temptation to get my feet wet when they all commenced seining for some black bass with a small net about four feet deep by twenty long. Using my cane as a feeler for the lead line, and keeping the cork line in my other hand, I followed in the bag of the net, and as the bass became hemmed and commenced jumping the net, I could grab at them as they floundered over, judging from the noise, and strange as it may seem was very successful. When the evening sport had wound up I had caught one more fish than any other one person in the crowd. My enthusiasm for this sport was somewhat diminished, however, once when Chet found and killed a large water moccasin. After that, for some reason I could never be so quick to grab at the sound of a flounder. After spending three days of the finest time I had ever enjoyed, Lou carried us on through to Quincy, Ill. As he would not permit us to pay any of the expenses en route we were pretty well supplied with the funds we had gathered in Kansas City, and so pushed right on through to Des Moines, Iowa, as we were following the plan to go just as far as our funds would permit before stopping to collect more.

In this beautiful little city we were royally entertained by the painters, headed by old friend Pringle, and soon accumulated enough to start out again. We passed up Robert Lee, where we originally intended stopping, and pushed straight on through to Rochester. The weather was more in our favor, and we found the roads of Iowa and Minnesota so much better than those of Kansas and Missouri that it was really a pleasure to ride them.

Although I had tried to stall myself from allowing any

false hopes to grow in my head as to the possible regaining of my eyesight, I could not help growing more anxious as we neared our destination and calculations as to its possible outcome would work their way through my head. It was no more than natural that I should wish to know as soon as possible if the Mayo Brothers could hold out any hope for my eyes, and we killed very little time covering this last lap. The balance of the trip was covered by rising early and working late, and on August 8th (just eight weeks from the time we started out), we rolled into Rochester. It had not been accomplished without difficulties, but still, taken all around, there had been as much real pleasure as trouble. We were both in far better physical condition than when we left home. Chet was well of the sores and had gained five pounds, and the pains in my head were much better than they had been for two years. My muscles were hard and I was sun-burned brown, and my weight was down to 142, where I had weighed 165 when starting out.

I believe the worst times we had encountered were the ones just after leaving Kansas City, and as I said before, it was very fortunate that I ran into this friend there, for it would have been absolutely impossible for us to have made it either on foot or on the wheel. It was raining when we left Kansas City and grew gradually worse until the roads were almost impassable. Indeed we passed many high-powered cars stuck en route, and if my friend had not have been an excellent driver, we, too, would have spent days and nights out there in the wilderness of the Missouri River bottoms. We spent one entire evening making less than twenty miles, and slid off those hog-backed clay roads into the ditch many times. Lucky for us, too, we picked up another boy who was walking to his home in Peoria, Ill., and many times it required our combined efforts pushing to assist the Ford out of the ditch. Once the car turned over, but with the help of a near-by farmer we got her back again, and, wet and muddy from head to foot, we proceeded slowly on. About seven miles from Moberly, Mo., we ran upon a man and his three daughters stuck in the mud. They had been there all the night before and all that day without a bite to eat except a few berries the girls had gathered at the side of the road. We loaded them

into our car, too, and took them on into Moberly, which was their destination. When we would get stuck, these girls, whose home was in Oklahoma, would pile out and help us push, but their old man was very little help, preferring to stand by and tell the balance of us what to do. I think that embarrassment at their father's actions made the girls all the more willing to help. At any rate they were certainly willing workers, and waded the mud knee deep just as well as us men. I suppose their father returned later for their car. I know we were all the muddiest and wettest bunch that ever drove into a town.

Throughout all this little old Chet had maintained his usual attitude of patient, persistent, good-natured loyalty and never for one moment did he show discouragement or downheartedness. That night, as we trudged the streets of Moberly in a drenching rain, too tired to hardly stand, and too muddy to be expected to be admitted to a decent place for a bed, I asked him how he would like to be at home with a good bath and one of mother's fine good beds and he unhesitatingly replied that such as this was fine to make him appreciate home when he did get back there.

This was by far the worst day and night of our trip. We had been put to the real test and had made it. We finally found a bed and slept like logs, as was usual after strenuous days, and the next day was beautiful and sunshiny, and although the roads were still in bad shape we made it into the home of our friend's father without mishap.

It was Sunday when we arrived in Rochester and found our old friend Bostwick awaiting us.

Next morning bright and early we were in line-up at the clinic together with many other patients of all descriptions and anxiously awaiting our turn. I had been told before that it would take at least ten days or two weeks to get through the clinic and pass the many examinations and had made my arrangements accordingly. However, I had a personal letter from Dr. William Mayo himself, and thought I could do no harm by at least springing it. As I neared the window where applications were being made I noticed that after asking a lot of questions the patients were usually assigned to certain departments on different

floors for further examinations, but was determined to show this letter anyway.

This I did, and I was surprised to note that the lady immediately turned to a file and then announced to me that I had an appointment, and told Chet to carry me right up to Dr. Benedict, who was the head of the eye department. Instead of waiting for days as I had expected, we were in the waiting-room within thirty minutes, and in less than two hours I was being examined. This examination only lasted thirty minutes. I found them much more patient and thorough than many other doctors of smaller reputation I had visited. After examining me personally, Dr. Benedict called in another eye specialist and then another, and finally Dr. William Mayo himself. After going into the fullest details of my case, they held a consultation and returned to me within thirty minutes with the announcement that they were sorry to say that they could do nothing for me. I asked him if he thought there was anyone in the world who could, and he answered that he thought not, and that Dr. McReynolds of Dallas had already done everything that could have been done. In answer to my question as to what may have been the possible cause, he said that was impossible to ascertain, as it could be caused from any one of a million causes. He was perfectly frank in stating that they nor any other eye specialist understood the full nature of the disease, which they pronounced glaucoma. When I inquired about my bill he replied that there would be no charge (this was very fortunate, as we had only about eight dollars, or just about the amount we had when leaving home), and repeated that he was very sorry that they could offer me no hope, expressing regret that I had made such a long trip to accomplish no more. I told him that I felt in no way discouraged, and was by no means sorry to have made the trip, as I felt I had consulted the highest authority in the land and was very well satisfied that I should never see light again, but that would not keep me from still trying. This indeed was the way I felt, but I must admit that, for the time being my plans were somewhat upset, as it was more sudden than I had expected.

Up to this time no hint of being in any way homesick had ever escaped the lips of Chester, but, to his childish

way of thinking, our mission was finished and there remained nothing to do except to mount the wheel and return home. His first words when we reached the street alone were to inquire if we should start home now. It had not occurred to him that there were many arrangements to make besides merely mounting the wheel and starting on the return trip. I told him to lead me over to the park and run along and play while I had a little time to think. This he did, and it gave me time to consider the many angles of our next best move. While no definite arrangements had been made all plans had included a stay of at least several weeks in Rochester. Practically broke, and far away from home, with no hopes of recovering the eyesight presented quite a serious situation, and there were many different things to figure out. Many plans had been turned over in my mind to get funds while undergoing treatment, if any encouragement was offered, but no plan had included an immediate start back with no funds. I believe the toughest job that had ever presented itself to me was that of writing the wife and kids at home that no hope was held out to me. This I never did, either, as the newspapers printed a long, glaring account of it in the evening issue, which was copied at home and read by the folks that day. However, I did not know of this until some time afterward when I had heard from home. After debating the different phases of the situation over in my head for a few hours, I finally decided not to give up hope altogether, but to rest over a few days and then to return by way of Milwaukee, where I had been told by numerous person of an eye specialist of world-wide reputation, and to then go by way of Chicago, and if no encouragement was offered at either place I at least had an opportunity to raise funds to get home on.

Consequently the balance of this week was spent in recuperating, getting our mail regulated and many other matters straightened out. The boys of Rochester gave us fifteen dollars, as a starter, and one of them carried us out over a mountain to give us a good start. As had been our usual luck, the rain commenced again that morning and continued intermittently for some days. Trusting to luck to raise funds to carry us through, we started the return trip as we had commenced. Luck had at least fa-

vored us in this manner, as we had arrived in Rochester with about eight dollars, which was the amount we had left home with, having had at different times as much as forty or fifty dollars at a time.

There was no stop of any consequence before reaching La Crosse, Wisconsin, but did encounter several rather thrilling adventures. Intermittent rains kept the roads slick most of the way, and at one time Chet advised me that we were rounding a mountain where the road was on a kind of a shelf. To our left, he said, was quite a cliff, while to our right was a precipice of several hundred feet sheering off, and even as he told me I could feel the wheels slipping and skidding on the wet road underneath us. A vision of slipping headlong over this bluff prompted me to suggest that we dismount and walk until such dangerous places were passed.

Another rather close call was when two seneseless boys passed us in a high-powered car traveling at a terrific rate of speed, and one of them threw a lariat at Chet's head. Whether his intentions were to rope one of us or merely to scare us, I know not; but I do know that it barely missed the boy and had it closed on him the result would have been serious whether it was intentional or not.

I believe the nearest exhausted we ever were on the trip between Winona and La Crosse. Having left before daylight, as was our custom, intending to eat breakfast at a small town which we were told was only a few miles down the road, but a slow drizzle developing into a rain wet the road just enough to force us to walk most of the distance. The small town also failed to materialize and we were almost famished when we did finally reach a place where we secured something to eat. These long, dreary drudges were amply repaid, however, when we reached La Crosse, and, after getting a good shower and rub, we ate heartily, and threw ourselves on the bed, which seemed the best I had ever seen. We were also very agreeably surprised to find that an old friend, F. E. Wampler, was there, and he did not fail to entertain us loyally during our stay, taking us up the river in his motorboat, fishing, and to his home, visiting. Here, too, the boys treated

us fine, and again we recuperated our funds enough to take us over to Madison, Wis.

After a delightful stay in La Crosse, we departed to Madison City by way of Sparta and Baraboo, passing many wonderful sights in nature. scenery which Chet was not very good in describing. He was always very meager in telling the appearance both in the country and in the city and I had to ply him with many questions to learn much about the different places we visited.

Madison City was by far the most beautiful place we had visited, being surrounded by a chain of lakes and literally covered in natural scenery. Fishing was also good in all of the lakes, and it was no trouble for the citizens to step out most anywhree and catch a mess of fish. Strange to say, this was also the first place we had stopped where I did not meet a former acquaintance, and, as if to keep this rule in effect, we were soon interviewed by a young lady reporter (Miss Ruby Black) from Dállas, who seemed like an old friend. Here, as elsewhere, we were treated royally by all of the boys, having dinner with the president of the painters' local and supper with the business agent, whose hospitality we shall never forget. Spending just as little time as possible, however, in attending to our mail, laundry, etc., we pushed right on to Milwaukee, where I hoped to see the celebrated eye specialist, Dr. Schyneder. But in this we were disappointed, as we learned upon arrival that he was out of the city, and our financial circumstances would not permit us to await his return.

From there to Chicago we decided to take a boat, as the boy had never been on one, and, too, it was cheaper than our meals would have cost us for the time it would have consumed to travel around by land. After our long, hot, weary ride across from Rochester this ride across Lake Michigan was a very cool, pleasant relief, and also proved to be very interesting to the boy, who took in every detail of the boat from top to bottom. We arrived in Chicago on Friday night with barely enough money to carry us over until Monday morning, and it was therefore a very anxious pair that awaited developments Monday. If the rather cool reception we had received in Milwaukee had caused us any uneasiness concerning our welfare in

Chicago, it was quickly offset by the reception accorded us by the hearty bunch of painters in the Windy City. Never was anyone more generously handled than we were here by Lundloff and his bunch of associates. Besides the many others we met Billy King and Frank Bradley, who seemed to take a pleasure in showing us a nice time. I did not tell them that we were broke, but they could not have been more liberal if I had, and in less than a week we had funds sufficient to carry us home.

During the day time I made the rounds of the doctors, and in the evenings went out to the locals and peddled postcard pictures. None of the specialists there, however, offered me any hopes of recovering the eyesight, and I soon set myself to the task of arranging to get back home in time to start the boy in school.

This being our first visit to a large city, Chet saw many wonderful things. I still "guy" him about a remark he made when we first landed, about the "three-story streets, where pedestrians went under, autos on top of the ground and street cars up in the air." I also took him to the many different museums and many places of interest. The kid never became tired of watching the boat traffic around the lake front, and most of our recreation hours were spent here. Not only were the painters nice to us here, but the policemen, street car men and general public offered us every courtesy, and we were loath to leave this wonderful city. But it was necessary if we reached home in time for the boy to start to school, so accordingly we bought a ticket with the money furnished us by this loyal bunch and arrived home on September 5th, exactly thirteen weeks from the time we had started out.

Although we had formed a half-vague hope that I might be able to see the wife and babies on our return, we had never allowed ourselves to dwell too fondly on this remote possibility, however, and it did not cause us to feel badly when I had to see them in the same condition as I had left them.

We were both much better off physically than when we left, being hard and firm, and, while I had taken off about twenty pounds of surplus flesh, accumulated sitting around the office, Chet had gained several pounds. We were both in fine shape and tickled to death to see the

mother and little kids, and our many friends, and I hardly think the meeting could have been more joyful even though I had regained the eyesight. My intention had been to try some other line of work instead of returning to my old position in the office of the Painters, as I sometime felt myself in the way there. This, however, was not to be permitted, and the boys just put me back, regardless.

Here I was satisfied to remain and do the best I could for the good of the cause and remained so, for some time, resigning myself to the thought of remaining blind the best I could. There are worse things than being blind. In fact, a person can learn to do without any of his limbs or organs of sense so long as he retains his proper mind, and my many friends were so nice to me that I would have been an ungrateful brute indeed had I been any other way but happy. I was happy and still am, and intend to remain so, but still I could not help dreaming of having the sight restored some day, and kept planning another attempt.

These dreams finally culminated in my second trip across the country on the wheel. But this time from Dallas to New York City, where I had heard of some wonderful work of eye surgeons, and I knew I could never be satisfied until a final effort had been made.

This last trip I shall relate in as few words as possible.

TRIP TO NEW YORK

In contemplating my trip to New York City, I had a two-fold object in view : if the eyesight could not be restored I could at least help my education. The State laws of Texas do not permit an adult to enter the blind institution, and it was therefore up to me to pick up what learning I could in the best manner possible.

Prior to my first trip I had met a very intelligent blind man by the name of R. J. Clifford, from New York, who willingly taught me to read and write with my fingers in points and was willing to teach me everything I cared to learn. We had been in constant communication and our chance acquaintanceship had grown into warm friendship. By coming this way I could not only see the most famous specialist in the country, but also see my friend, and at least learn a lot more of the blind mode of living.

Arrangements were made pretty much the same as

for the former trip, except that I endeavored to steer clear of the newspapers, and succeeded fairly well.

A different starting route was also arranged, this time going by the way of Sherman and crossing the Red River out of Texas just above Denison. Again the elements seemed to commence from the very start to deter us. Also the first day out seemed to me to be the hottest and on the night of the second day rain again commenced, continuing intermittently for five weeks, when it would break and encourage us to start another lap. The interval was always of short duration and I don't recall ever leaving a town during that time, but it commenced raining immediately upon our departure.

The details of this journey were similar to those of the former one. Some dry, clean roads and some rougher ones; some mud and some sand; the main requirement was patience and perseverance and determination. For the most part persons we met were encouraging in every way, but, as there are always, some were not considerate. I remember one encounter, which later had a comical appearance, but just at that time looked serious enough, as well as discouraging, and I am confident the fellow did not even consider (or perhaps did not even know) that we were starting a very long, wearisome trip under heavy handicaps. We had come to a place where the road had just been worked on, and the soft sand was piled in the center just like a deep snowdrift, making it almost impossible to walk and push the wheel, much less ride it. The heat, too, was extreme and we were laboring away patiently in hope that it would soon end when I heard a farmer at the side of the road. "Does this condition of road last very long," I asked him, as we stopped a moment for breath. "Wall, no!" he answered, squirting about two gallons of tobacco juice through his teeth. "It's only about two or three miles of this—and then it gets bad as h——."

Just at that time, and under those conditions, that looked discouraging enough, but I suppose it was just one of the fellow's dry jokes, as we finished the sand in less than half a mile and nice pavement commenced.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, we were again treated fine by a bunch of swell fellows. We took the wrong route out of here, though, going by the way of the Osage Indian town,

Pawhuska. Here we were warmly welcomed by the boys, and our few hours' stay was a pleasure, but the rains had played havoc with the roads, and we were forced to go back through Tulsa. The mud was so bad that it was absolutely impassable for a wheel and we were compelled to tie it onto the side of a service car and ride that most of the way back to Tulsa, where I secured funds from home, and, as the rains seemed likely to continue, bought a ticket to St. Louis.

Here the weather held us for two weeks, but we spent the time well in recuperating our funds, visiting friends and also seeing eye specialists of whom I had heard. This latter practice I continued throughout this trip, so that by the time our destination was reached I had consulted so many eye specialists and received so many hopeless opinions, I hardly expected any favorable result. One great advantage to this was that, at least, we could not be badly disappointed if no encouragement were offered at the end of our journey.

Our stay in St. Louis was made pleasant by all we met. Several of my former associates were there, among whom were Bill Cowley, "Blackie" Walton, Ted Alexander and many others whose names I cannot recall. I shall never forget the liberal treatment accorded us by Chas. Eisenring, George Darrow and many faithful associates.

Hardly a day or night passed without more or less rain, but as soon as enough funds were accumulated we decided to take a risk at the weather, and so left St. Louis early on the morning of July 1st. As seemed to be our usual luck, however, a slow drizzling rain prevailed and, besides this, our wheel developed several mechanical defects before we had even got clear of the city limits. Determined not to turn back, however, we kept plugging along. As the weather finally cleared the wheel grew worse and finally, at a little town somewhere just below Terre Haute, Indiana, we decided to abandon it altogether. I decided we could make better time without it, as I knew of several auto rides we had missed on account of it being in our way, and the weather seemed so uncertain even if the machine were in good mechanical condition. Mud was just likely to hold us up out in the country somewhere while we could be traveling without it. We junked it to a dealer and

bought a ticket to Terre Haute, Indiana. This, however, did not further us on the way, as we arrived there in advance of our schedule, and had to wait several days for our mail. Five of the most miserable and lonesome days of my life were spent in this dead town awaiting mail which seemed necessary before proceeding farther, and there was nothing to do except go to the office three times daily and receive the same disappointing answer that none had arrived.

Our funds were getting low, however, and finally deciding that we would prefer starving out on the road than in this dead town, we struck out for Indianapolis, Indiana, on foot, trusting to catch auto rides. In this we were very successful and reached that city in less time than we could have done on the wheel.

A little incident occurred soon after our arrival which, although it seemed trivial in itself, had a very pleasant effect upon me. I don't believe I had ever been so homesick and blue and down-hearted as when Chet had left me standing on a street corner while he went down the street to purchase some article. Right in the heart of that busy city I was miserably lonesome when two ladies and a man stopped on the same corner to await a car. One of the ladies carried a small baby and led another boy about four years old (just the size of my baby boy at home). This little fellow climbed upon my grip to obtain a better view of something inside the show window, and his mother scolded him for climbing on my suitcase. I reached out my hand and petted him on the head and assured him and his mother that there was no harm done, whereupon he hugged my leg and called me "Dada."

The lady must have noticed the effect it had on me, for she asked me if I had babies at home, and when I told her I had, and that I would give anything to see them, she offered to let me hold the baby. Nothing could have suited me better, and I played with the two little ones until Chet returned. This kind lady will never know how she cheered a lonesome fellow by that small act. I do not believe anything could have happened that would have done more good, and, as bad as I was broke just then, I know it cheered me up more than any amount of money could have done. How often through life do some small acts of cheer-

ful friendliness cheer someone on to renewed efforts none of us fully realize. In this Indiana metropolis we met friends who were very cheerful to us and liberal in purchasing our cards, which soon put us on our feet again, and we prepared to start another lap. Out of here we were very fortunate and made Dayton, Ohio, without much difficulty. Rain was pouring there, however, and having funds enough, we rode an interurban to Columbus, where we only stayed overnight, as there was an excursion jaunt to Cleveland and we could ride it cheaper than we could eat while awaiting the rain's slackening or risking catching a ride.

Remaining in Cleveland for several days, we were treated nicely and accumulated enough to start toward Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our odd time was also spent very pleasantly visiting in the bachelor apartments of Geo. Decker, Geo. Leonard, Brown and Marty and Jack Goldsmith of St. Louis arrived while we were there.

We had learned that we could make much better time without the bicycle, and started out with perfect confidence in catching rides. This was very easy at this season of the year, and, too, I suppose the fact of my being blind encouraged persons to pick us up. Several people recognized us from descriptions given by the newspapers in Cleveland which had again written us up. A news item had also appeared in one of the home newspapers telling of how we were broken, barefooted and trudging alone. This was purely a fabrication on the part of some reporter and of course very embarrassing to us, and I could never trace the exact source of it unless it was from a joke I had written a friend at home. Whether true or otherwise, these newspaper reports at least aided us in securing rides, as many tourists readily recognized us. At any rate we had a very pleasant trip to Pittsburgh, going by the way of Canton and Youngstown, where we stopped overnight in each town and were treated nicely by the local boys.

In Pittsburgh we stopped several days and again accumulated enough to carry us on the stretch to Philadelphia. Neil Galbraith, an old friend, also arrived about the time we did, and we spent many very pleasant hours with him.

Chet called my attention en route to a very appropri-

ate sign, which hung over a bridge on one of those mountain roads which are so full of short curves and dangerous places, and I thought that its suggestion may have saved many an accident in a part of the country where accidents are numerous. The sign read: "USE COMMON SENSE —YOU MAY MEET A FOOL."

As was our usual custom when leaving a town, we caught a trolley to the suburbs of Pittsburgh and then hit the pike. Before going far two boys of about sixteen or seventeen years of age hailed us and asked us to ride. They had bought a Ford roadster the day before for forty dollars, nailed a grub box on the back of it and started on a vacation trip through Pennsylvania and Maryland. They were enthusiastic, good-natured young fellows, and with some provisions in the grub box and about twenty-five dollars in their pockets they had great visions of seeing a lot of the world. I would have been afraid to have started around a city block with that Ford without enough money in my pocket to equip a garage. It did have good tires and the motor proper was all right, but from the leaky radiator to the rear end it needed small parts and adjustments, and it was lucky for them that they did pick us up, for they knew absolutely nothing about a car except that one of them could steer it. I did have a fair knowledge of a Ford and could tell them their troubles as they developed, which they did fast enough. Stopping at every garage to buy some mall extras and at every well to fill the ever-thirsty radiator, we gradually rebuilt it in the two days we spent with them until it would make a fair run down hill if it had a good start. At first the two boys who thought the twenty-five dollars should carry them on a tour around the world, would let me pay for nothing, but it did not take long to see that it commenced dwindling pretty fast, and they were glad enough that I had a little money and a knowledge of the peculiarities of a Ford's nature.

The first night we spent out in a solid rain, on top of a mountain thirty-six hundred feet above sea level, and, of course the flivver refused to go next morning until we had walked several miles in the rain to roust out a farmer to get him to pull us off. It was real cold, and Chet and I had no coats, as we mailed our baggage ahead of us, and to lighten our loads, this time we had sent our coats also. It was perhaps lucky for us that we did have to work hard

with the Ford until next day, after the sun came up and dried us off, for otherwise we must have taken a terrible cold, as there had not been a dry garment on us all night and it was terrible cold in that high altitude.

Next night we spent on the field of the battle of Gettysburg and I could not help laying awake and thinking of the many valiant men who had given up their lives there, each of them thinking himself in the right cause.

We arose early next morning and started again without breakfast and, as the flivver was getting into pretty good running shape by that time, made York, Pa., by noon, where we bade them good-bye and started north on the trail to Philadelphia, while they went east into Maryland.

Our trip out of York toward Philadelphia proved to be the hardest we had yet encountered. We had eaten nothing since the evening before, but intended to do so at the first restaurant. Chet's ambition to push onward, however, caused us to pass up several, always thinking we would stop at the next one, until finally we found ourselves outside the town, and then we continued, thinking we would find one at some small town or catch a ride to the next place. In this we were disappointed, though, for, although there was heavy traffic, we failed to catch a ride and tramped until late in the evening before reaching a small town where we ate heartily, being almost starved and worn out. It was 2 o'clock next morning before we found a place where a bed was to be had. If a bed was ever worth the money paid for it I think that one was, as we had not slept in one for several nights and were completely exhausted.

An amusing incident that evening caused me many a laugh, and in a way helped to bear the fatigue. We had just crossed a river on a toll bridge from one small town to another and stopped to ask directions of an old lady who sat in front of her home. She seemed glad enough to give directions and then immediately set into telling us of all her ailments, and particularly of her rheumatism, and how she had been so bad for years she could hardly wash her dishes, but that she had managed to do all of her own housework for herself and her old man, who worked in the silk mills. Very few people in this world have gone through the suffering she had and no one else could have

stood it and kept up their work, too. I soon saw that she was a victim of that worst of all diseases, "self-pity," and that she was getting about the most pleasure now that life afforded her by unloading her troubles on me. No doubt attentive listeners were scarce, as she had lived there all of her life and had already worn out all of the neighbors, and, being unable to run them down and make them listen to her, it must have indeed been a pleasure to the poor old soul to catch a brand-new innocent one to sympathize with her. I don't think she noticed that I was blind, but she presently remarked that my eyes seemed to bother me, and when I informed her that I was totally blind she nearly threw a fit and wanted to know if I had come across "the river." I informed her that I had come from across many rivers, being from way down in Texas, and then I did think she would die with her talking on and marveling at how anyone could get so far away from home and she with her rheumatism would not get out of her yard. I hardly know when this would have all ended, or we could have found an excuse to break away, for she never gave us a chance to put in a word edgewise, but fortune favored us just when we had stood about all of it we could. Our "pinch-hitter" was in the form of a small boy, who popped up and, standing bravely about twenty feet from her, commenced, "Hello, Aunt Follywog! You found someone to listen to your troubles?" She shook her fist at him and scolded, but he evidently took great delight in tormenting her, for he continued, "Aunt Pollywog! Old Aunt Pollywog!" until she jumped from her chair and down the street they went. This gave us an opportunity to steal away, laughing at the manner in which a small boy had cured the worst case of rheumatism on earth and at the same time helped our loneliness and weariness.

We landed in Philadelphia almost broke, and our first experiences there did not serve to encourage us much, as the first local we went out to visit did not even have a quorum to hold a meeting and rain had again commenced. The second meeting proved just like the first, but we were too near the end of our journey to despair, and kept plugging along, finally running into a swell bunch of fellows. The town was reported to be open-shop, but I found that no painter worked with anyone long before he had a card

in his pocket, and I decided this was real unionism, carrying a card where you didn't have to in order to hold a job. In three days we visited four locals and disposed of enough cards to carry us into New York. The boys were very generous and I shall especially remember one of the brothers named Danna, who insisted on us going to his home and staying. We visited with him one night and enjoyed very much the company of him as well as his wife and little boy.

Chet also took advantage of his many interesting and educational sights in this historic old city, as had been his custom in all the places we had visited. Here, too, I was struck by the extreme quietude. Never have I seen a city even smaller than this one, that made such little racket. The traffic cops don't whistle; the newsboys don't holler; the street cars do not ring their gongs unnecessarily, and the autos do not honk. To a blind man who depends upon his hearing for so many things this city of three million souls seems small, but Chet informed me that traffic was very heavy.

Just the opposite from this prevailed, however, when on August 23rd we rode an express train on the Pennsylvania road into the busy metropolis of New York, where everyone and everything seemed to try to outdo the other in making a racket.

My blind friend Clifford met us at the Pennsylvania Station at Thirty-third street and Seventh avenue and immediately showed us across the street to a subway station. I could not figure out to save my soul how he could find his way in all that terrible din of traffic outside, but when we entered the subway it seemed unbearable. There seemed to my blind mind to be so many trains coming from all directions and making so much racket that I couldn't see how anyone with eyes (much less a blind man) could locate a thing. He showed us the proper train, however, which I later learned was on the West Side, and at One Hundred and Forty-Ninth street we transferred to the Third Avenue "L" down to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, on the East Side.

Here he told Chet and me to take the grips and go ahead while he followed alone, and I marveled still more how on earth he could do it with all of that terrible traffic

din going on below us. He came all alone just behind us, though whistling gaily, and when I commented on it he laughingly remarked that I would be runing all over this little burg in no time. I never could believe this, for there was such a din of noises everywhere it seemed to me that it would be impossible to tell one direction from another. It was some time, too, before I commenced growing accustomed to it, but I can now look back and laugh at myself, for I have long since learned to go all over New York alone and it is the easiest city to get around in I have ever visited. No time was lost in learning the object of my trip, and we were not disappointed this time to learn that the doctors held out no hope for the eyesight, for we had visited well-known specialists in almost every town through which we had passed. Since that time I have been treating them with the object of getting rid of the terrible pain in my head to which I have been constantly subjected for the past four years, and am yet uncertain but that they may have to remove the eyeballs to accomplish this.

Our quest, however, was not in vain, as I had proven to myself that I could learn to do some things even without the use of the eyes. I find that a person so handicapped has only to have the willingness to attempt most anything and the patience and determination to continue it and different avenues undreamed of before usually open up to him. People, too, as a rule, are willing to offer a helping hand to anyone who is willing to try. At first I was backward about accepting favors, but this timidity is wearing away, as I realize that such persons mean well and if assistance is not accepted the one who offers it thinks he has offended and does not offer again.

To those who have despaired of losing their eyes and allowed the possibility to worry them, let me say that it isn't so bad as some imagine it. "What cannot be cured must be endured," and if a person will accept any misfortune in this spirit and commence trying to learn to do without the members of their bodies they have lost, they will be surprised to find how quickly they commence learning. The thought of being unable to make a living for the wife and babies depending on me has worried me more than any one thing, but in this, too, I find people willing to help in anything I attempt.

JACK LOCKETT.

SUNDAY'S OUTING

When you've dusted up the "flivver," and the kids are loaded in,
And you've started to the river for a Sunday morning's spin—
When you've tightened up her bearings, and pumped her casings full,
Don't old "Lizzie" seem a-rearing for a Sunday morning's pull?
Don't the puppy's bark sound cheery? Don't the wife look like a girl?
Don't the kiddies' laugh sound merry, when you've started for a whirl?
Don't the pretty wife look younger as she climbs in by your side?
Don't the neighbors seem to hunger to go with you for a ride?
Don't the baby's feet kick higher on his back in mother's lap?
Don't you think you'll just buy her another "flivver" for this chap?
Don't the world seem to change a bit as you leave the house behind?
Don't you know you'll all just fit into this picnic place you find?
Don't everything look rusty as you pass the corner store?
Don't the neighborhood seem musty and the car-less neighbors poor?
Don't you pity all the city kids when you have to pass them up?
Don't they wish they were your pretty kids? Or even were your pup?
Don't everything look pretty when you've left the town behind?
Aren't you sorry for the city, with all its toil and grind?
Don't the road just spring to meet you? Don't the pretty motor hum?
As the sight comes to meet you of a Packard on the bum,
Don't the road just slip from under? Don't the car just skim along?
As you listen to the thunder of the kiddies' picnic song,

Don't everything seem dandy? Don't you love this country
breeze,
And the hillside green and sandy, and the flowers and the
trees?
Don't the very air smell purer at the church house by the
way?
Don't it make you just feel surer that you wish you'd come
to stay?
As your pleasure keeps a-pilin', don't everything seem
sweet?
Don't you catch your self a-smiling at the country folks
you meet?
And when you near the river don't everything seem great?
Isn't this worth while to live for and patiently to wait?
Don't the woodland look inviting as at the river side you
stop?
Don't the kiddies act exciting as on the grassy ground
they hop?
Don't the baby seem delighted in the grass by mother's
knee?
Don't the puppy act excited at the rabbits he can't see?
Don't you feel your self contented on your back upon the
ground
With the flowers lovely scented underneath and all
around?
Don't you see the children after all the butterflies and
bees?
Don't they fill the air with laughter, pulling flowers, climb-
ing trees?
Don't you feel a kind of pity for the folks you've left in
town?
Don't you wish you could bring the city to this lovely spot
you've found?
Don't you wonder why you scurried to your work back
there in town?
Don't you wonder why you worried at the bustle all
around?
Don't you feel a dreamy feeling on your back upon the
grass?
As you watch the grey clouds stealing by the blue ones as
they pass?

As you watch the green leaves dipping to the gray clouds
 far away,
 Don't you feel yourself slipping off into another day?
 Don't you seem a different being as you dream the day
 away,
 Vaguely hearing, dimly seeing everything so far away?
 Don't you feel a lazy feeling as your eyelids droop and
 close?
 Isn't everything hazy feeling? Don't you think that you'll
 just doze?
 Don't it seem funny when the wife is heard to say.
 "Don't you think that you've been dreaming, and it's time
 to go away?"
 And when the day is over and you've cleaned up all the
 lunch,
 And fed the scraps to Rover, don't they seem a hearty
 bunch?
 And you've turned the car around. Don't the flowers seem
 to say
 "Take the kiddies back to town, but bring them back again
 some day."

JACK LOCKETT.

ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(As seen by a blind man)

Uptown, downtown; in the air, under ground—
 Everywhere—all around—
 Under the river, and over the sound—
 Where are all of the people bound?

Raining or snowing, they're coming and going—
 Hustling, rustling, bustling somewhere;
 And if it's cold or it's hot—or it's dry or what-not—
 They're going and going and going—
 Hurrying, flurrying, scurrying—as if bound to get there.

And yet in their haste, with no time to waste—they can always find
 Time to slacken the pace and assist a fellow who's blind.
 Watch and see if I've missed it, and judge if I'm wrong—
 Haven't you just assisted? And you're one of the throng.

With best wishes from HAPPY JACK (Blind)



A MEMORY TO OLD FIFTY-THREE

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

Side by side have we fought—and we've fought a good fight—

For we have stood for the things that occurred to us as right;

And, although victory hasn't always seemed to have crowned us with success,

What we haven't gained materially, we have gained in progress.

We have profited some in the mistakes we have made

That we guard the future with plans better laid.

Side by side we have fought with each other—

By my side you have stood like a brother—

And when misfortune maimed me,

You have stood by and claimed me

With a love like that of no other.

Behind us is the past and the victories we have won—

In front is the future, and things yet to be done—

And by unselfish patience we may hope to achieve

At least part of the great things our minds can conceive.

May God give us guidance and make us thrive and progress

And make us worthy of the good things we possess.

And as occasion makes its demand upon me

I'm proud to be at the service of old Fifty-Three.

If you care to secure another copy of this book
send twenty-five cents to

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